Standing at the edge of the cement outline of what used to be Fort Duquesne; I looked out onto the horizon and was enthralled by the silver sun drops on the water of the Allegheny and the Monongahela Rivers.

Why is there no portrait to be found in Pittsburgh of William Pitt the elder for whom the city is named?

Portrait of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham

Richard Brompton, English, 1734 – 1782
Oil on canvas
33 x 59 1/2 inches
Philadelphia Museum of Art

Knowing the reality but striving for the idealism.

The portrait of Catherine Wister Miles has provided a focus for research – research that has led me down some unexpected paths of discovery.

And in the discoveries, tears of happiness, and too, of sadness have come to my eyes.

This is my story. It is also a reflection of the men and women who were part of nation building; who withstood the tragedy of death, personal economic destruction, and learning to cope with great uncertainty, and the emotional pain that brings. But, too, they were witnesses to the grandeur of the unfolding wonders of a nation growing up.

I know they look up to heaven, as I have, and praised God with their whole heart and soul – even in the most trying of circumstances.

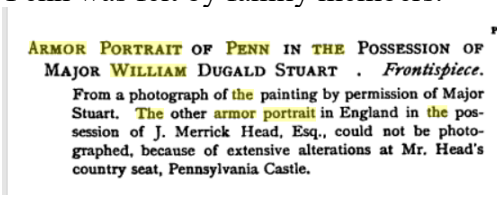
I have been enlightened by the profundity of humanity.

Human beings are explorers.

The Winds of the Trinity are upon us.
Ever changing.
And they are silent.
But these Winds move us in subtle and profound ways.

The 18th Century was a violent century and my ancestors were not immune to the physical and emotional violence of that era. This violence impacted their individual lives, and the lives of their families.

The influence of William Penn was felt by family members.



ARMOR PORTRAIT OF PENN IN THE POSSESSION OF MAJOR WILLIAM DUGALD STUART . *Frontispiece.*

From a photograph of the painting by permission of Major Stuart. The other armor portrait in England in the possession of J. Merrick Head, Esq., could not be photographed, because of extensive alterations at Mr. Head's country seat, Pennsylvania Castle.

Sydney George Fisher. **The true William Penn**

For some, there would be a patriotic fervor; for others – there would a stressful balance of following ones religious beliefs (the Quaker influence and the need for peaceful coexistence) recognizing, at the same time, the inevitability of change – however subtle, or violent that might have been.

Later, during the Revolutionary War, Thomas would serve on a jury that would determine the innocence or guilt of Loyalist Philadelphians charged with treason.

Over the centuries, the professions among the family members have included:

dishwashers, soldiers, Indian fighters, hunters, river boat owners and captains, horse and cow hands, politicians, civil servants, ceramic engineers, oceanographers, carpenters, bankers, farmers, renderers of cattle fats, bones and blood they turned into soap, fertilizers and feed[1], nurses, cobblers, teachers, college trustees, trail blazers, hat and clothing store owners, mariners, shop owners, pastors, sewer pipe manufacturers, trucking managers, metal workers, wine makers, nannies.

[1] See Frank Burnham's book **The Invisible Industry.** Fallbrook, CA: Aero Publishers, 1978.

Add to this a dash of the controversial with counterfeiters and slave owners; and with service to humankind - Rotarians and Kiwanians, members of the DAR, SAR, and the Masons; and spiritually directed - Lutherans, Catholics, Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians and , Quakers.

Politically, Federalist, Democrat-Republican, Republican, Democrat, and Communist.

Significantly, education! Especially among the foremothers – who imbued a passion for education upon their children – Teacher Andrew Brown, Putnam Seminary for Women, Denison University, University of Akron, West Virginia State University, Columbia College, Centenary College, Hopedale Normal College for Teachers, and (Sophia) Smith College.

For me, there are many people who have greatly impacted my life – both positively and negatively. Yet, in my humanness, and on these pages, you will find expressions of love, hope, but too, anger and despair.

"If we retire into bitterness we'll deserve nothing." Edmund Muskie

And to my children, Mary Margaret, Garrett Winston, and Ian Pfeiffer, you have embraced life in the most meaningful of ways – and may you carry on your life's work – based on one word "commitment".

December, 2005

For some of us, early in life, we are pulled by a spiritual tide that seizes our complete being – and try as we might to release ourselves from the power of the tide – it pulls us, again, again, and again.

Near my sister's grave is an oak tree – a 100 year old oak tree. Its roots reach into the earth's depths. And its limbs reach for the stars.
Her life was cut short. At age one she died. But in her death, there was new life in my mother's being. So through her tears; through her wailing – I grew. Roots deep in the soil of God and Jesus Christ, and limbs reaching high to Heaven above!

And the Winds have led me in a multitude of directions – where I have met humanity – in its goodness – its evilness – its love and its hate; its honesty and its deceit.

The Winds of the Trinity were moving across the European Continent – like a hurricane – catching a new generation of explorers in its path and sending them west.

It was the 1798 War of Irish Independence, and an act of treason against the Crown of England, and a hanging that cast a dark, dark shadow across the Protestant progressive thinking McCann clan.

There are loving Scriptures that should foster the development of good human beings. Why are these Scriptures ignored amidst the human jealousy in the pursuit of power?

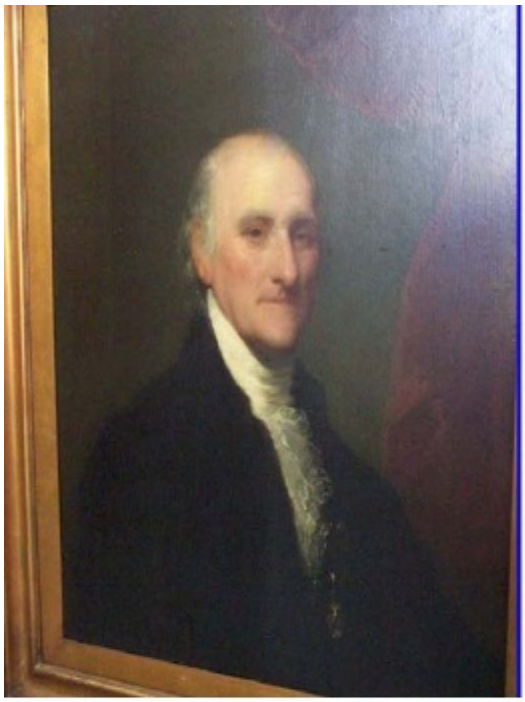
Do not stand pat. Keep moving. Keep searching!

The Internet takes us forward in our research – but too, it is a time machine taking us back in time.

There is no sense of why anyone other than your family members would care about Catherine Wister Miles. (Tammy Gaskell, PhD Historical Society of Pennsylvania)

Part of a contemporary pioneering spirit is to go around the naysayers who say you can't. I shall and I will find the answer with or without you.

I first came upon the Gilbert Stuart portrait of Catherine's husband, Samuel Miles. His portrait is in Washington DC languishing in a vault. How many other Revolutionary War patriot portraits are languishing in museum vaults with museum directors finding excuses for having these portraits on display?



Samuel Miles
Gilbert Stuart
In the Collection Corcoran Gallery of Art

Catherine Wister Miles
Gilbert Stuart
Private Collection Akron Ohio

TD Win Philsophy – To Do What is Noble Ph Light – Parameters humanity Light!

Making this historical connection is like electric voltage passing through your soul. There I was on my hands and knees staring into the eyes of my great-great great-great-great grandfather

My life has s been spent in observation and study of multigenerational commitments to goodness!

I see power in one human being; a kind word, offered light in the dark.

A commitment – sending us forth!

Dr. Zhivago quote.

Rod Steiger portraying Victor Ipolitovich Komarovsky

There are two kinds of men, and only two, and that young man (referring to Pasha Antipova (Strelnikov) portrayed by Tom Cortenay) is one kind. He is high-minded. He is pure. He is the kind of man that the world pretends to look up to and in fact despises." (Dr. Zhivago A David Lean Production – Screenplay by Robert Bolt)

There was the house.

And in trying to come to terms with this, I have voraciously read books about dealing with failure.

As a historian and politician scientist, I am forever trying to put the pieces together.

Shouldn't we be reminded of the infinite power of the Holy Spirit to positively impact our lives?

"Time in the desert and then the flowers appear."
St Mary of Mercy Pittsburgh Pennsylvania

No more than two seconds later, right in the spot where I had been standing, a huge glass ball fell from the sky, crashed and scattered into a million pieces.

The other waiting passengers looked at me – quietly – and in their smiling seemed to acknowledge that I was lucky to be alive.

In clearing his weapon, he inadvertently chambered one round, pulled back on the weapon barrel, and pulled the trigger.

Having been hunkered down over the calculator – I had leaned back to stretch – and now the calculator was dead – with a big hole in its side. And to think if I hadn't leaned back at that moment, I would be dead
Enter the Trinity; I was alive for another day.

That early Sunday morning the I77 corridor was ice covered. The bus driver swerved left and then right to avoid an out of control automobile. He slammed on the brakes. And we came to a stop against the guardrail. No one was injured. *January 1979 Ft Campbell home to my next rendezvous with destiny.*

The choice of garnishment of a burger can be an important to the consumer in this day when individualism is an increasingly important thing to people.
DN Smith CEO Burger King *Have It Your Way*

The Confidential Memos of IM Vested

The Army medic assured me it was nothing more than indigestion.
"Here," he said, "take these antacid tablets." They should do the trick.
With a sigh of relief, I made the one mile walk back to my 12x15 apartment in Haimbach.By the next afternoon, *I* was being taken by ambulance for the 65 mile trip to Frankfurt General. Appendicitis.

Colonel John Arthur Eielson. a West Point graduate, saved my life.
http://apps.westpointaog.org/Memorials/Article/23325/

Captain F.E. Egan (Francis E. Egan)
The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress July 9, 1918 (amended by an act of July 25, 1963), takes pleasure in presenting the Silver Star to First Lieutenant (Armor) Francis E. Egan, United States Army, for gallantry in action in connection with military operations involving conflict with an armed hostile force on 29 April 1969, while serving as a Platoon Leader with Company M, 3d Squadron, 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment, in the Republic of Vietnam

The nose is up, the nose is down. "Folks we have a red light indicator showing trouble with the landing gear."

The air drafts took the single engine Cessna up and down. We dodged the thunderstorms that dotted the sky over Monument Valley. But most frightening was when we landed and took off with the young boys playing "chicken" with the aircraft.

The anxiety attacks were devastating; With such a cold sweat and my heart pulsating with so much power, I felt as if I was dying.

As my brother rounded the corner, I slid down the mound. On my tail, right behind me was a boulder. It landed on top of my head. The blood poured out of the wound.

Anxiously waiting waiting waiting was all they could do on the shore? I was doing somersaults under the water, then, miraculously, I stood up.

I didn't swerve because I would have hit the car next to me. Instead I stopped. Stopped cold in the middle of the expressway. I blacked out. Coming to - moments later - I realized I was stopped in the middle of the expressway. I gassed it and rammed through the furniture that had dropped from the pickup truck in front of me.

A young man pulled out his pearl handled revolver and demands money from my account via the ATM. But the ATM was not working!

The pear tree came crashing down toward me and the overhead wires; I collapsed having blacked out – to rouse 30 seconds later looking up to see the electric wires moving to and fro.

He put a knife in my face – and in my best acting drunken stupor I laughed. He thought ***I*** was crazy.

Dr. John Schlemmer in his Volkswagen made his rounds among the patients who lived in the homes – the dirt roads – and brought relief to those in need.

The township was growing and we had been housed in aluminum make shift classrooms.

The principal of the school and his lack of fingernails bore witness to his sacrifice during World War II in the Pacific.

The first word I remember printed on the blackboard was LOOK

The kindergarten experience of socialization skills and above all else, the exposure to so many germs – a body developing an immune system

As tears came down her face, I was moved by her story and realized everyone did not believe in the same spiritual foundation.

The recitation of the Lord's Prayer would end in the 2nd grade. As a result Engle v. Vitale (1962)

There was boy of the Catholic Christian tradition who attended a birthday party – all this prior to Vatican II and the caring Protestant mother prepared fish sticks Mrs. Nielsen – and the rest of us had hot dogs.

He drove the black F85 Jetfire compact Oldsmobile to the shop and left the Cadillac at home.

Many who traced their ancestry to West Africa were employees of the rendering plant. It never dawned on me these men were “black”.

It pained me greatly when neighbors would use the “n” word. I was angrily embarrassed.

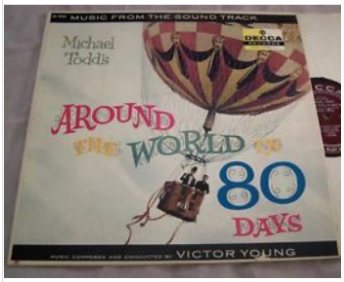
The polio vaccine initially administered as sugar cubes later in liquid doses in the schools.

Unique to the country living on those summer mornings was the ever present smell of the rubber plants. The economy was good, my grandfather would say.

And later – the wide open windows at Children Hospital with the pungent smell of rubber from BF Goodrich.

The whole of education is learning to positively interact and have a positive impact with all parts of society; sharing; controlling anger; creating friendships; learning the discipline of establishing a routine; understanding the feelings of other human beings; imaginings

With a small box phonograph player (33, 45, 78) I would listen to Around the World in 80 Days and from the 2nd floor story window imagine myself travelling around the world – waving to the assembled crowds below.



We made a makeshift oil well in the back yard.

The darkness had an allure!

Snipes!

On an October afternoon in 1962, my father assembled the family in the basement. In case of a nuclear blast, he told us to put cardboard over the windows "I'll get home the best way I can," he said.

Toby's father (Landefeld) who worked for the BF Goodrich Corporation, brought in an actual space suit used by the Mercury astronauts. America was going to the moon!

Each of my children has a copy of the Jesuit 16th Century ***110 Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation***

For me – manners training took on a more elaborate tone with the selection of three individuals from our township to attend. Mrs. Betty Holliday King's Dancing School. It was held in the basement auditorium of the Goodyear scion Frank Seiberling's Stan Hywet.

Now, at age 10, I had to cross the floor and ask a girl to join me in a dance. She said no.

And to my way of thinking, regardless of who we are – being mannerly is the keystone for civilization.

Like the Sound of Music character Max Detweiler, to those who were wealthy and included me in their festivities – my thought was to always reach out – much to the consternation of my wealthy friends – we are not friendly ***to those*** people.

Political structure of the family.

Assassinations – death of loved ones – a friend falling through the ice and drowning – three suicides – The darkness of death and how frightening that was to an 8 year old boy.

Friday 22 November 1963 – and that night the wind howled and wires swayed vigorously creating a frightful crescendo – decrescendo sound of woo woo woo woo woo woo
I was so frightened

There was another plane, there was no accident.

There she lay in the open casket.

I would come face to face with God.

They sprayed his cancerous lungs with silver.

In the city of rubber, he was in charge of the garage at the Mayflower Hotel. When the cars came in at noon time with men and women and knowing - to his grave - to keep these noon time trysts confidential.

From rendering – to storm water storage tanks on Cuyahoga Street.

But in considering the human soul is something of great value. Who were these people and what of their contributions to the planet?

The Secret Service asked that I take my hands out of my pockets in the expectation of my shaking hands with the President; and there was President Clinton's hand.

The love of education would be fostered by a 5th grade teacher from Glassport Pennsylvania. A graduate of Youngstown State University, this dynamic teacher of Italian descent came into the WASP community – and with his determined effort – he set out to change to mindset of 10 and 11 years olds.

Current events would become my forte.

Standing in the restroom line in the spring of 1966, Mr. F posed the question who did we want for President in 1968. "Nixon'" I piped up.

Six Crisis was the book for a 13 year old.

As an 11 year old, they were all there at dinner – parents, grandparents and my 15 year old brother - how–does the sperm get into the egg?

In the depths of winter, 12, 13, 14 year old scouts would haul wooden sleds throughout the forest.

The Wonderful World of Disney was one of Walt's most creative undertakings.

The following program is brought to you in living color on NBC.

Monitor Radio.

We all loved Hayley Mills.

Enter Clifford Boeckman, MD who would perform the surgery.

http://www.aberdeen.k12.sd.us/foundation/halloffame/2008/Clifford_Boeckman.pdf

I was paddled, wrongly.

And then, tragically, there were the concentration camps. (first review 1967 age 13 – Harold Scott history class.)

Dealing with shyness – a sensitivity to the world – feeling the pain of others in a world of the extroverted there is no room for the shy withdrawn human being.

Karen (Glenn) was particularly vociferous in her criticism of what she viewed as my heavy handed tactics as I tried to move the legislation forward.

“Nuts!” General Anthony McAuliffe

As a child the railroads were a significant part of my life – leading me in wonderment of places far away.

The triangle of years the 1960 presidential election – followed the 1962 reading of the Alida Sims book about Winston Churchill and the 1962 Book of the Presidents/.

There was a driving wind outside of the Ranchwood Road house. A world to explore. A driving wind pushed me forward in this quest!

Reaching the farthest shore in something so great for one human being – the preservation of freedom against the insidious totalitarian regimes of despots.

My quest for knowledge would be resolute with a routine that would annoy. But the World! The World!

Every day after school, for one hour, on my hands and knees, I would read the newspaper.

Newspapers brought the world to my doorstep – day in and day out.

In their commitment to excellence, John Knight would join with others in providing quality news –then too, there was Austin Kiplinger

My personal favorite was Pauline Frederick

There is a book yet to be written about Ray Bliss the engineer's son, his business was politics. He wasn't the saint everyone thought him to be.

"It's one thing to give em hell; it's another to give em Humphrey."

Building Bridges to Human Dignity.

Bring Us Together

"Out!"

It was so dark!

Fifteen and 11 wandering the streets of San Francisco!

He was a communist, you know.

You're nothing more than a communist.

As she read the letters tears rolled down her cheeks.

Government should foster empowerment not dependence.

Humans have a responsibility to joyfully walk across all bridges that connect different societal neighborhoods and to comfortably relate, with human kindness, to the circumstances of all humans.

We should feel a spiritual comfort in our ability to relate to all human beings.

Being in exile.

It was overcast, cold and windy in Washington in front of the Capitol. From the front of the Capitol Building, I viewed the inauguration of the 37th president of the United States. The television lights provided the setting for the live television broadcast.

(Mirv'ed- ICBM's) – ABM was interesting stuff for a 13 year old 8th grader.

Tragically, throughout the whole ordeal, there.

My sense of benevolent communication would always stay with me but again, again, and again I was accused of not towing the line.

The line of accommodation and confrontation changes throughout the course of a person's life.

How could students be killed on a college campus?

Was I an insider? Not by a long shot – but in close proximity to the political power was very intriguing. Steady!

Ayres Cares.

Ask her Dave, she'll listen to you!

Create disciplined thinkers!

As her SAT written test for Sophia Smith College, my daughter was comparing and contrasting the leadership styles of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X.

- John Ong Library earlier testing at Western Reserve Academy and the boys audition for Miller South School for the Performing Arts

You don't want to be a helicopter parent hovering over your child's every move

A divorce caused him to focus more than ever on his craft.

She won't let her in because she smells.

Our class of Presidential Classroom participants was the first group invited back to the White House for a tour since the tragedy of September 11, 2001.

We were on time. But the embassy staff of the PRC was less than hospitable – herding us into a large unheated auditorium; serving us bottled water. And sent a low level political analyst to speak to us of how things operated in the embassy.

In seeing the American Flag on my suit jacket lapel presidential assistant Harry Dent exclaimed “you’re one of us!”

CIA operative Jeff Willis a Mormon gave our Presidential Classroom contingent the first ever tour of the CIA.

Mormon bishop, Jeffrey Willis a long time CIA personal director, while no stranger to public controversy Willis was forced {in one case} to face the cameras personally rather than relying on CIA public relations staff. His comments revealed
that Many other CIA men were LDS Ward members, and that he had sought public relations advise from an old friend, newspaper columnist Jack Anderson himself
http://corrosivesecrets.iwarp.com/whats_new_9.html

Staying at the Shoreham Hotel – the cocktail lounge featuring the comic routines of a very young Mark Russell.

They hated my involvement in politics – but it was my passion – my love.

The checking account was in my wife’s name.

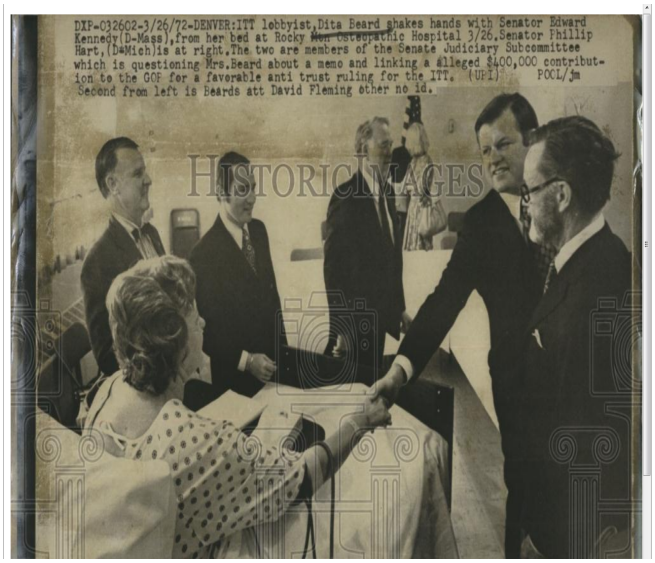
Standing at the airline counter Congressman Charles Vanik (D-OH) seemed, to a 16 year old, larger than life.

Washington DC streets had a series of wooden slabs on the streets as a construction continued on the new subway system

Why should any Americans be intimidated by these governmental structures?

I wasn’t a Catholic but had been assigned to the Sunday religious services at St Matthews Church. It was the first time I had partaken of the Body of Christ in the Catholic Christian tradition.

Gotcha politics. Dita Beard and the ITT connection for the 1972 GOP convention.


DXF-032602-3/26/72-DENVER:ITT lobbyist,Dita Beard shakes hands with Senator Edward Kennedy(D-Mass),from her bed at Rocky Mon Osteopathic Hospital 3/26.Senator Phillip Hart,(D-Mich)is at right.The two are members of the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee which is questioning Mrs.Beard about a memo and linking a alleged $400,000 contribution to the GOP for a favorable anti trust ruling for the ITT. (UPI) POOL/jm
Second from left is Beards att David Fleming other no id.
HISTORICIMAGES

http://pictures.historicimages.net/pictures/_4/3998/3997696.jpg

Martha Smith from Montgomery Alabama patted me on the arm and her most charming southern dialect wished me all the best.

Come on teachers, I am a 17 year old kid trying to derive an educational experience from all of this.

You're honestly passionate!

It was a tiring experience and I went home exhausted.

They just didn't get it.

On a Sunday afternoon, I sat at the rendering plant office completing an application for the AFS.

I delighted in wearing my campaign button much to the dismay of my father.

To a boy from the Midwest – this city of Amsterdam was really something else – a city enveloped in a cloud of hashish smoke. And they laughed.

It is hard being married to a saint.

Patriots Storm Capital

A 19 year old kid. She understands the nature of the beast. She called it a wild animal.

Here comes the motorcade. There goes the motorcade.

… but the bullying efforts of the student council president would go nowhere with me

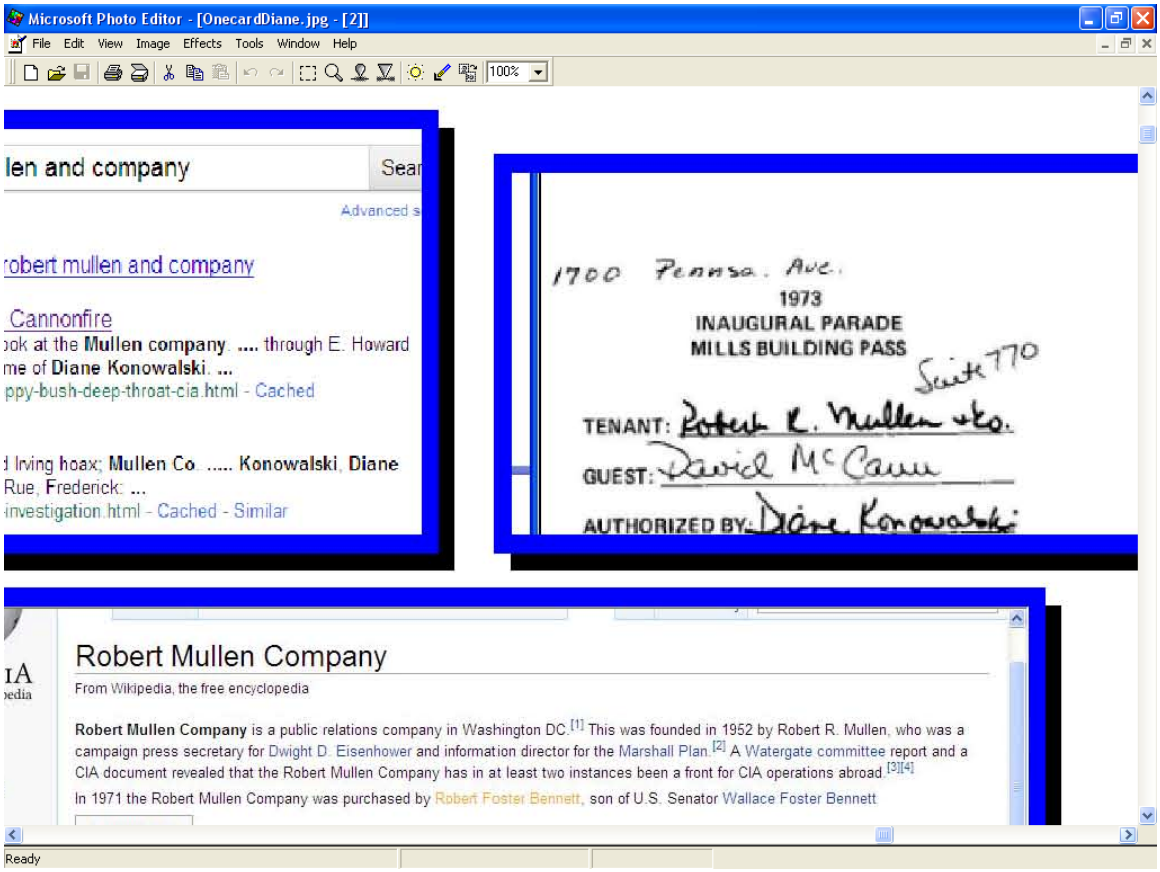
Controversy is taxing to the human soul especially when the comment “nothing personal” is added to the dialogue

In comes the mini skirt clad (Ellen Garlock) beauty from one of Akron’s high schools and me – the bespectacled member of the band - it set the school howling for the day.

You can imagine my horror in reading the Watergate transcripts.

Good public policy stands on its own two feet. No public relations is necessary.

The secretary Diane Konowalski for E Howard Hunt wrote my pass giving me entrance to the Inaugural Party at the offices of Robert Bennett- the office just blocks - 1700 Pennsylvania Avenue Suite 770 away from the White House.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Rue, Frederick: ...
investigation.html - Cached - Similar
1700 Penna. Ave.
1973
INAUGURAL PARADE
MILLS BUILDING PASS
Suite 770
TENANT: Robert L. Mullen etc.
GUEST: David McCann
AUTHORIZED BY: Diane Konowalski
Robert Mullen Company
From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Robert Mullen Company is a public relations company in Washington DC.[1] This was founded in 1952 by Robert R. Mullen, who was a campaign press secretary for Dwight D. Eisenhower and information director for the Marshall Plan.[2] A Watergate committee report and a CIA document revealed that the Robert Mullen Company has in at least two instances been a front for CIA operations abroad.[3][4]
In 1971 the Robert Mullen Company was purchased by Robert Foster Bennett, son of U.S. Senator Wallace Foster Bennett
Ready

Si Zentner a very talented trombone player who amused the audience by balancing his trombone on his mouth – meanwhile – we waited with great anticipation for the arrival of President and Mrs. Nixon.

And there I was dancing with the First Lady.

With my 12/21 card I snagged a Northwest Orient flight from National Airport to Cleveland.

A smile came across his face as I described my weekend adventure.

What do you think about that, Dave?

The Emerging Republican Majority

Two weeks after graduation I was off for Wittenberg University

He didn't like my support for the President.

Weekend eating at Burger Chef and my brother, hold up in the academic enclave Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio took pity on me by taking me out to lunch.

Tempering my enthusiastic high school thoughts to a more disciplined thought process.

To Laurel Delaware where the ways of the South or least in conversation – had not died. Again, I was uncomfortable of the way some humans spoke in such a degrading fashion of other human beings.

A willowy brunette caught my eye

With a layover in DC during the height of the Watergate Hearings I caught a cab to the Ervin Hearings – television lights I saw it and left. It was so sad.

John Dean, originally from Emma Avenue Akron, Ohio provided damning testimony about the workings of the White House.

For the personal counselor to the President, where were his ethics?
Self serving or truly for the good of the nation

More than any other professor, she, Mary Ellen Jones, then an ABD, taught me the discipline of how to write.

Would you consider what you had done as stealing? 7 March 1974
Question to Daniel Ellsberg (responsible for the theft of the Pentagon Papers) on the occasion his visit to Wittenberg University

Education should provide the creation of a disciplined mind for an accurate caring and thorough discernment process of problem analysis.

The unsung heroes in the educational process are the librarians.

For me, her efforts provided an avenue to educational enlightment. Every free moment I had was spent in the library.

You are a phony.
(South African exchange student Nicky Giles at Revere High School – in the library Spring, 1972)- Fowey Community College

I was looking rather depressed in school. So focused. No close friends. But my mind was swimming with ideas. But the guidance counselor was concerned.

More than the classroom the library formed my life.

My theme was the post World War II partnership between Germany and France. Coming at the time of the Willy Brandt initiative ***Ostpolitik*** the timing of my research could not have been better.

In teaching a library research class to the students of Upward Bound program – I made an effort to excite students to the wonders of the library. To the top floor and the special collection division.

You don't think a tear has been shed?

I was flaming out.

My real education was just beginning.

Sheepskin Psychosis.

You didn't have to be on campus to complete your college degree. There were alternatives.

The Sunday before the Thursday bout with appendicitis – something wasn't quite right – So I walked in the countryside on the periphery of the neighborhood village of Haimbach. Walking always eased the affects of an illness.

I wasn't sure was ahead.

I sat in the office of the Dean who wasn't at all impressed or curious.

I was steeled up in a seedy apartment building on West Market Street.

I would type my way out of this, eventually.

I was in graduate school.

"Hire the Vet." Right

I so desperately wanted to get on with my life.

My view of the city was extraordinary.

A hot summer afternoon -1961 – age 6 – I'm invited to a friend's house 2 miles away – be safe my mother affectionately said. And off through the high grass fields I went – to Kevin's house - such a sense of accomplishment, I felt, in traversing the field – no map – just a sense of direction of which way to go.

The foray into the private sector had proven to be quite disastrous.

You let others speak for you.

What a magnificent conductor he was.

SPSS and punch cards.

I was exhausted. Out into the wintry cold I went.

Even as the black clouds of the approaching thunderstorm enveloped the neighborhood – I sat on the sidewalk mesmerized. I could read! I was reading the weather report in the newspaper.

Taken all together – blending the triangle of occurrences politics the military and education

My antenna is very sensitive to the creation of an environment where group think unfolds and individuality is stomped out.

Individuality cannot be lost.

It was the February 1979 speech by Senator Robert Dole (R-KS) that set my personal agenda in free fall – to what I was not sure.

Before I knew it – I was the assistant and appointed deputy registrar.

But my goal was good government.

The Central Committee was deadlocked requiring a flip of a coin to determine the winner. A new judge was born.

With great enthusiasm I set out on this new path resigning my position as a graduate teaching assistant.

We had found candidates for all the local offices. Except one candidate we recruited had some mental health issues. We quickly straightened that out.

Behind the scenes thought the national chair was raising money for his candidate.

Fair and Impartial Redistricting.

Clarity of Purpose.

You'll carry the Senator's bags to the airport.

The Confidential Memos of I.M. Vested.

It wasn't about democracy or good government. It was gotcha politics.

When she arrived, those board members who were on site were suddenly unavailable. There was a sequence of slamming doors.

I was bored to death.

A Democrat asked me to help him.

I was chosen to be on the slate as a delegate.

Upstaging the Chairman in brief speech, I was later admonished.

I loved our Republic and would do anything to make it easier for voters to cast their ballots.

Then there was ABC reporter Geraldo Rivera

Astronaut Judith Resnik and the earthquake

Democrat Tim wanted my help.

“I admire Byron White because he was a team player.”

There are the ground troops. And then there are the corporate yuck yucks.

No fuss. I’ll just get my nose to the grindstone; leave me alone and it will get done.

The troika of Ohioans who saw the need for civil service reform – Hayes, Garfield and Pendleton- he, Pendleton, finding the light after the Civil War.

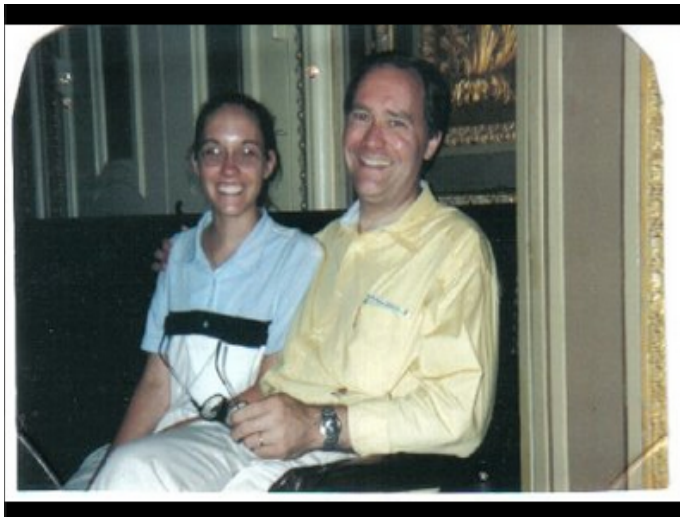
William Dudley Foulke. Fighting the Spoilsmen: Reminiscences of the Civil Service Reform Movement

We are nothing more than sheep herders.

Stakeholder relations!

Most poignantly standing in one of the freight cars in the Holocaust Museum.

We had full access to the Capitol.



Asleep at the controls.

He brought in new blood regardless of political affiliation.

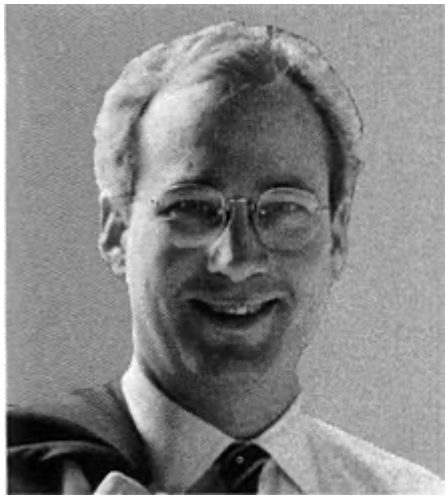
I did my duty.

The journalist had seen the dark side of politics.

The word of Moody's or Standard and Poor's bond rating organization was considered gold.

The GFOA Certificate of Excellence in Government Reporting. (Detroit)

Congressman Ed Feighan (D-OH) just sat on his hands.



What exactly, are the expectations of government in the 21st century?

The auditor won the general election. But his opponent went on to make his millions on the privatization of prisons.

Where were the auditors? Real estate transfer tax.

Fair weather Christians.

It was all about the money

“Is Public Service Communication Propaganda or Public Service.”

Proofs. Review. Printing. Processes. Success.

There just had to be a better way.

Jack Emack?

The enforcer went through the office to collect political contributions.

Is he really of African descent. His writing is too good.

Dave, can you follow me into the basement and release my urine pack?

I had stopped in the middle of the expressway and blacked out.

Delicately.

You want to party?

No one is watching the county government chicken coop except for the fox.

And here’s a teaspoon of Boodles gin for you.

I set out some strict guidelines.

Before Jack Abramoff there was Ed Gabriel.

What happened?

A spirit of humanness in the GOP.

Just needed the capital.

He hid behind his desk.

There was a definite pecking order in the bureaucracy.

Hampshire? No Hamp shire.

Straight away.

Gena was so determined to make her mark on the industry, but she didn't last.

With no health insurance where were we? A high deductible insurance program,

You were brainwashed.

It's going to be all right.

The marijuana sale.

I looked like an alcoholic

There had to be discipline in the house.

For almost two years – I would care for the children - March 1992- December 1993

Being the caretaker parent I wasn't exactly a welcomed guest at the coffee klatches of other stay-at-home mothers.

What if Jesus knocked at our door?

He shaved his head in a compliment to the closely shaved hair of Father Neil Walters

All evening we sat on lawn chairs and he identified all the cars as they went by. Then there was the science test at the end of the year. Surprise - A+

It collapsed on his finger.

Are you all right?

How many men have been blessed with this experience?

Walking walking walking

Neal Elliott Richard Scrutiny Horizon Health Care/ Health South

How do you make a profit off of a human being?

Judge Sam Bell

There's a rhythm to the sowing and the reaping.

Just the facts.

No one thought to call me. But my son Garrett did.

What was discussed on that flight –

It was all about the children.

Pregnancy Discrimination.

Three interviews and for each one of them she was late.

Wasn't anyone willing to spend any political capital on my behalf?

NFU – no foul ups.
My boss was unceremoniously transferred to the photocopy department.

This woman was a political appointee – a refugee of sorts.

Don't forget to contribute to Linda's Christmas present.

There was no civil (civil) service in this county.

Political machination requires the placement of employees who march in lockstep with the political appointees.

But when the behavior is so egregious and so vitriolic in nature and political appointees sabotage the efforts of good people what recourse is there?

I filed civil rights complaints against the female hierarchy of the political establishment.

Contrary to federal law – with the prosecutor casting a blind eye to these machinations I was subjected to the most vicious retribution.

And there sat three candidates for the judiciary knowing full well what the law said and choosing to ignore the law.

My supporters – two women – sat in the audience and were risking their careers for me.

By 3 June I was history. Career in ruins. One month later my life was turned upside down.

I was subjected to the subtleties of terror and thrown into the fire of an uncaring local, state and federal bureaucracy.

With a Smith College red rubber ball in my hand – I squeezed it ever more tightly as her tirade continued.

Justice is swift severe and inflexible.

They're out to get you.

Fred referred me to a psychiatrist.

The rule of law counts for nothing.

Competent people were being transferred into oblivion.

That night I filed the first of three complaints with the Ohio Civil Rights Commission.

I overheard a conversation where the finance director asked the deputy sheriff for his help.

The computer software was monitoring my every move.

I want out.

Cognitive dissonance threatens the psychological well-being of nay human.

You've Blown It All Sky High. (used by permission copyright)

July 3 Out
July 14 Visit
August 5 sign the document

I left the table – inquired as to whether she had money to pay the bill and with tears in eyes I walked home.

As a gentleman you fall back to the foundation of your existence - manners diligence and routine.

Hatred is such a terrible energy drain upon the soul.

Make the corners neat and square.

I had to find something I could hold on to. Anything. All around my life was crumbling. Collapsing. I flew to Berlin.

I climbed that mountain – yelling screaming and singing all the way to the top.

History embraces the soul!

When you walk do people know you are a Christian?

Why an annulment.

“What about forgiveness?” I asked
“Don’t worry about that now,” she said.

He’ll just have to do.

I likened myself to a country doctor – called out at 0530 hours into the classroom make a diagnosis of the day and a provide a remedy - enlightenment.

And how old are you?

The county council would later chastise the bully.

Don Nydegger had died. A bullet to the head. And it all could have been avoided.

Long before Microsoft Word the poor graduate student was limited to either typing their own paper – with space at the bottom for footnotes.

“When in hell keep moving.”

“I learned the truth at 17.”

Speed. Surprise and violence.

Do something! Don’t let them take you prisoner!

Not one word of congratulations.

The lady left the program.

We worked together and we came to appreciate the nuance of government.

The initial critique was devastating.

I just wanted to be a public servant.

G. Peter Gunn was impressed.

My religious conscience would play havoc with the lie detector.

“The very rich are just different from you and me.”

The opportunity to enhance the spiritual life of another human being is, to my way of thinking, one of the most fulfilling of human pursuits.

The homily is the appetizer to the formal meal with Jesus Christ.

The meal setting is very formal – but in its formality is a peace – a peace that is a part of a rich human history.

We consumed great quantities of Famous Grouse scotch following each session.

Everything else pales in comparison to bringing a human being into the light of the Church.

So on that hot humid day in June, 1974 I volunteered for service in the Army.

I developed a mental callousness of the mind.

A pipe smoking Virginia from the mountains couldn’t get it. Had the drill sergeant harassed him unnecessarily?

During mail call in the dark of an October evening I received my first absentee ballot.

Pencils down.

I stayed back and ate Snicker chocolate bars, and cookies My emaciated 6 foot 1” frame was down to 120 pounds.

I finished 5th in the class of 100 – not enough for a promotion but that would come.

Where’s Kerry? Where’s Kerry (Gibson)?

Gentlemen!

Don’t put doubts into the minds of children. Self doubt squashes dreams.

The freezing nights spent patrolling the border of freedom **Jeremy Dobos, BHA Exec. Dir. (Black Horse AssociationExecutive Director)**

The dichotomy.

We’re here to preserve a way of life – your own.

There were helicopter sorties day and night.

Impatience has its virtues.

My soul awakened to the wonders and history of the continent.

Not wanting to lay the part of the ugly American but to demonstrate a sincere and genuine interest of the European Continent unfolding before me.

The subtlety of history.

Mr. Cell.

Alleys of life.

I love Berlin.

Once a thriving part of the city – Alexanderplatz – was now divided. The descending darkness cloudy November cold winds Nothing but crows.

One moment in time. The stars of the sky. The moon. The cathedral bells peeling the sound that announced the Lord's birth. And me. All alone alongside a snow covered street overlooking the city.

Wrong girl. Wrong venue. Lemons flying into the restaurant fountain. Wrecking the e car.

Allons!

Black Horse, Sir!

Konrad Adenauer.

It was that nudge. It was the reminder of a Holy Spirit looking out after me.

And the communists wanted this? Walter Ulbrecht? Erich Honnecker?

DELMAR. Cris-e UUSAEUR. eeoc. ocr. twix tdy banner

There had to be a reason for all of this.

I so badly wanted to be with her. She was brilliant. But the roller coaster of BIP affected my HSP demeanor too profoundly.

Looking through a key hole profoundly.

My poor chapped hands Licking them to make them feel better. And the resulting scarring that took years to heal.

He would die in a hail of gunfire.

LR Jeffrey Hough; Stephen Kenniston; David McCann; Robert hHmphill

Deputy Robert Heffernan shot and killed Robert Hemphill, 50, on Aug. 18 after Hemphill fired a shotgun at another deputy while they were attempting to contact Hemphill in the Poudre Canyon regarding a menacing case.

http://www.greeleytribune.com/article/20050820/NEWS/108200052

A trench shovel would save his life.

We packed the Church so the SS would not get to the front to arrest the minister.

The countenance of the Bishop Lennon and Darth Vader

I was tapped on the shoulder and ask to serve as an usher for the collection.

He died under Pontius Pilate. No! He died under Tiberius Caesar.

Can't stand Pat!

As full moon was rising over Firestone High School – September 2001 – I had just exited a great industrial complex called education. Grind the gears and churn them out. And my daughter caught in that complex turned into what I was not sure.

Not death again.

When Things Fall Apart.

Stand as a pillar for reconciliation.

Like the Pledge of Allegiance the Nicene Creed spans the ages as a reminder of what we believe.

The Winds of the Trinity are forever breathing new questions into my soul.

Seated ten rows away was the Pope.

Fulda
das ist Fulda
Fulda hier!

Judgments are still made.
Jealousies still exist.
Smiles are not exchanged.

Singing draws upon the beauty of your soul – and we share that with the world.

There will always be a song in my heart.

Sky High.

Through music- the Trinity profoundly reaches deep into our souls.

Who wants to eat?

They laughed!

The nation was their child.

Peace at any price?

Scotch and soda – therein – sitting in a chair on the balcony on the last car of the train.
Owned by John Heard; Funeral Director; Jacksonville, Florida
Stanley Pinder - Businessman - Tampa to Charleston South Carolina

Often, the best commentary isn't found in the actual text of the book but in those itty bitty footnotes.

The calming byproduct of my tears.

Righteous in listening attentively.

Ma'am, he needs to wear a jacket and tie in the ladies dining room.

A holding action against the insurgent media.

In the corner of the plane

Cleaning up history

I was hopeful about the positive things I could do for the Navajo Nation.

Poor Larry Speakes

Much Ado About Nothing

We'll get him.

May I have the key to Room 214.

http://motelpostcards.blogspot.com/2011/11/cosmic-age-lodge-anaheim-california.html

We've been here before.

Crying time is over.

I do solemnly swear…

I'm dying I'm dying

Sitting still I could not swallow and I so afraid

Here comes the judge

Remember the children

Hot!

Boy Dah!

I'll have that … thinking it was a hamburger patty but it was actually filet mignon.

He put the cuff links in my hand.

You're nothing more than a male chauvinist pig.

Here come the Yanks

You're fired.

Look!

I could write you up.

You could not afford to have me as your guest speaker.

From conception to death.

… and today we will nominate a candidate – a man or a woman whatever the case may be.

There were ants in the peanut butter but I was hungry.

Don't touch anything.

Nosebleed or not you're going to school.

I ask your help.

Pull down your pants.

A grieving process.

There was BMG straight shooter Barry and there I was in the prone position on the floor trying to records his remarks.

The beginning of the Jack Abramoff syndrome. (Ed Gabriel and the Madison group

Truthful communication what media.

You're doing a great job in keeping the media away. Peter (Rocky) MacDonald, Jr.

Now who was the client.

Hopis and the Navajo Indian Nation

Pound a nail Mr. Chairman

Something was wrong when I had to hype the story.

He was paying Washington to find ways to attract national attention to this issue.

Ed Gabriel

J. Peter Segall

http://books.google.com/books?id=ZZsevvUGT9gC&pg=PA195&lpg=PA195&dq=ed+gabriel+pete+segall&source=bl&ots=MNW_F9jSk5&sig=NOYpjqHZwZ9aTh__GbegGlJcLNs&hl=en&sa=X&ei=9vtbUvD8C4WWyAGqooDoAg&ved=0CEEQ6AEwBA#v=onepage&q=ed%20gabriel%20pete%20segall&f=false

Council of Energy Resource Tribes

http://onehumportwo.blogspot.com/2007/04/moroccan-american-center-for-policy.html

The Washington Times ★ WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1993 / PAGE C3

Loss of top three puts question mark on Madison group

SOC 2417

http://legacy.library.ucsf.edu/documentStore/g/t/f/gtf03b00/Sgtf03b00.pdf

http://www.edelman.com/p/6-a-m/a-recurring-nightmare/